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A

POETICK EPISTLE

T O

A C U R A T E.

Ponamus nimios gemitus, flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse Viri, nec vulnere major.

Juv.

Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis :
Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.

Hor.

By JOSIAH THOMAS, A. B.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, IN NEW BOND STREET.

M D C C L X X X V I.

POSTICK

ADUR

BY JOSHUA THOMAS



[11]

P R E F A T O R Y

A D D R E S S.

THE following little Poem was composed for the purpose of reconciling the Author to his own condition, and infixing in his mind such principles, as banish, from Solitude, imaginary distresses, and diminish the horrors of honest Poverty.

Though I am not sanguine enough to expect popularity, for a Composition, which bears so repulsive a Title-page, yet it may be proper to inform the Reader, that the subject is confined within narrow limitations.

This Epistle is not addressed to Curates in general; because there are many learned and good men, to whom my arguments will not apply; and on whom my Verses would have no effect. For little will the "magick of Song" soothe that ear, which is jarred with the importunities of domestic want.

The situation of the Curate, for whom these lines were intended, was not destitute of the real necessities of Life, but possessed many of the real comforts; therefore no mention is made of the greatest of all Clerical distresses, a large family with a scanty income. On that subject, as my philosophy could not be practically exerted, I did not pretend to call it forth; well knowing that experience of the condition would subvert in an instant my system, and my peace.

Against the Jew, to whom Chance may convey this Poem, my vanity boasts not the signal of defiance. Shouldest thou, kind Reader! be a Critick irritable in thy nerves,

or

or severe in thy decisions, I deprecate thy anger, and shall submit to the charge of dullness without petulance, abuse, or appeal; for the obscurity of my station will shelter me from the pain of publick contempt.

Shouldest thou be a Wit, and ridicule the affectation of beardless gravity, and the wisdom of being "contented with a little where no more is to be had," I shall join in the laugh with an hearty good-will; nor will I assert, that I should shudder at the offer of preferment, or that an increment of Pay might not drag me from the bosom of obscurity.

Whether my arguments will be worthy of attention, must, Reader, be left to thee and others to determine. If they had not been of service to myself, I would not have hazarded publication.—All therefore that I require of thee, is, that whatever be thy opinion of my Verses, thou wilt believe that my Principles are good.

or leave in my hands, I approve the action, and
 shall submit to the charge of unjust treatment
 made, or appeal; for the object of my action will
 protect me from the pain of public censure.

Should I be a wit, and without the assistance
 of beautiful gravity, and the wisdom of being "contented"
 with a little more or less to be had? I shall join
 in the laugh with an hearty good-will; nor will I offer
 that I should rather at the offer of punishment, or that
 the treatment of my might not drag me from the bosom
 of society.

Whether my arguments will be worthy of attention,
 or not, shall be left to those and others to determine.
 If they had not been of service to myself, I would not
 have presented publication. — All therefore that I require
 of thee, is, that whatever be thy opinion of my essays,
 thou wilt believe that my Principles are good.

Long have such Mortals, with funeral tongue,
Of human woes the thoughts changes rung;
Against the approach of Comfort part'd the door,
And the

POETICK EPISTLE, &c.

Their jaundic'd eye discolor'd what it saw,
And spleen reject'd the comfort's door to draw.

" **S**ECLUDED, cheerless, splenetick, and poor,
" By Fate condemn'd to live and die obscure;
" Spurn'd and insulted, when my wants demand
" A paltry pittance from a niggard hand:
" The Sun ne'er gilds the darkness of my days,
" But clouds impervious suffocate his rays.

Ah! cease, my friend, the melancholy strain!
Rouse from thy dream of visionary pain;
Men and their manners let thine eye review:
The blest how num'rous, the content how few!
Shatter'd by spleen, by envy, and by pride,
Content is shipwreck'd on the Passions' tide.

Long have such Moralists, with fun'ral tongue,
 Of human woes the thousand changes rung;
 Against the approach of Comfort barr'd the door,
 And told the ALL of Evil—but the Cure.
 Their jaundic'd eye discolour'd what it saw,
 And Spleen rejoic'd the canker'd shades to draw.

LIFE's varied landscape, partially survey'd,
 Wealth is all light, and Poverty all shade.
 Lo! in the front, what streams of orient day
 Along th' enamell'd picture urge their way!
 Warm of delight the lovely fusion glows,
 And the eye's raptur'd as the radiance flows.

But, mark the contrast, horrors dark and drear
 Claim for their own domain the dismal rear!
 The eye recoils—nor marks amid the gloom
 Some tints not deadly, nor some flowers that bloom;
 Tints, that in vain implore the sunny ray,
 Strewn on a grave th' unheeded flowers decay.

Be mine the task, though perilous and bold,
 Fresh to thy view our chequer'd state to hold;
 Its dark-drawn shades impartially survey,
 Nor more the shadow than the light display;
 And strive, with modest candour for my guide,
 To chace the mists of prejudice and pride.

OF Fools who prate, and Hypocrites who cant,
 Hear and despise the desultory rant—
 Shut from the world, by penury depress'd,
 A CURATE's life—what is it but a jest?
 Debarr'd the hopes that lift th' aspiring mind
 Above dependance, and above mankind;
 Stranger alike to pleasure and to gold,
 What woes on woes the rev'rend wight enfold!
 Then come the shabby coat, the visage grave,
 The lordly Rector, and his humble slave,
 The dulness of a vegetative life,
 The ragged mansion, and the teeming wife,

Privation

Privation, in a solitary spot—
These are the bugbears of the Curate's lot.

But, if the unwilling Misanthrope can find
Appropriate joys, to every state assign'd;
If the last stage of human woe admits
Some lucid intervals, some cloudless fits;

Say, how is Fate capriciously austere,
Profuse to all besides—a niggard here?

SURVEY mankind—their different lots compare;
Of joys and sorrows each man has his share.
Survey thyself—lo! ever in thy power
The spirit of Content—Heaven's favorite dower
See through thy life the cup of blessing pass,
Dash'd with the bitterness of Envy's gall
While wayward Caprice, and unmeaning Pride,
Have hourly shov'd thy happiness aside.

Ne'er shall his breast of joy or comfort know,
Who cherishes imaginary woe;

For

For when true horrors seize his shrinking soul,
What voice shall calm them, or what power controul?

Shut from the world—its turbulence and care,
Its hopes that baffle, and its wants that tear;
Retir'd from pleasures that no joy bestow,
Unknown to vice, and ignorant of woe,
Useful and honour'd pass the Curate's days—
A life of Virtue never lost its praise.
Shut from the world—his health-crown'd hours dispense
Peace to his heart, and fearless innocence.

Through human life, through general nature, see
How all advantage varies in degree.
Not every planet's emulative rays
Flame with the glory of the SOLAR blaze;
Not every mind, or crafty or sublime,
Alike to riches or to fame may climb;
Could all with equal ease their wishes gain,
Where were the sense of pleasure or of pain?

Who that now mourns the meanness of his fate,
Whose pride would bear each rival beggar's state?

But to thy view, as History supplies
The grand assemblage of the good and wise,
See how each sage invariably chose
The scene of thought, retirement, and repose:
See the same passion actuate every breast,
Peace, rural leisure, privacy and rest.

The YOUTH, his ardent fancy all on flame,
Soars in idea to the realms of fame.
Is he a Priest?—how near the mitres shine!
A Lawyer?—"yes, the wool-sack must be mine."
A Soldier?—laurels, trophies on him wait:
In Trade?—the golden chain and coach of state.
Ambition never ceasing to inspire
Some flatt'ring cause to aim at something higher.
Till, tir'd of hopes that ever are betray'd,
He seeks for shelter in the rural shade:

There,

There, the safe anchor of contentment cast,
He sleeps, regardless of the storms o'er pass'd,

Canker'd by Spleen, or plung'd in Envy's gloom,
Withers each pleasure in its vernal bloom;
To self-created miseries a prey,
Lo! *****, darkling, mopes his hours away,
And mourns that Fortune, whimsically kind,
Grants to his lot the wishes of mankind.

Keen in the race of life the youthful soul
Deems nothing gain'd before it gains the goal,
"Thousands before me," proud Ambition cries—
"Millions behind thee," common Sense replies;
While Fortune round her emblem garlands strows,
In Briars entwin'd the beauties of the Rose.

Though many a rose the Victor's brow adorn,
The Victor's brow is pierc'd by many a thorn;
Though few the Roses that the Vanquish'd gain,
Few are the Thorns, and little is the pain.

Let

Let Fancy place thee (once more give her way)
Amid the Rich, th' Ambitious, and the Gay.

Be rich as † R**b**d, take thy fill of wealth—

Imagine all things—Honesty, and Health.

Let every joy that Luxury can impart,

Ingenious Luxury! saturate thy heart:

Bright in the senate shine, like Fox or Pitt,

And rival North or SHERIDAN in wit.

'Tis done—by reason then the truth be told—

“ Of bliss no monuments are rais'd by gold:

“ Ambition points to Fame—but leads to Care—

“ And gaiety evaporates in air.”

But does thine eye Life's active scenes explore?

High on the pinions of ambition soar.

† It was suggested by a friend, that this gentleman is not a proper example, because he is *not rich*; having, in compliance with the first law of Nature, parted with his valuables:

——— Imitatus Castora, qui se
Eunuchum ipse facit cupiens evadere damno

JUVENAL, Sat. XII. ver. 35.

By

By Eloquence that baffles all reply,
 By Truth that dares and courts the publick eye,
 By all the glories which the Patriot crown,
 Deserve—and seize the guerdon of renown:
 'Tis thine—but mark th' associates of thy fame
 Detraction, Envy, and the tribe of Shame!
 Beneath thy care though Trade her sails expand,
 Though want be banish'd from a war-worn land;
 Though every science, every liberal art
 Inform thy mind, and regulate thy heart:
 The blackest traitor see thyself portray'd,
 And veriest fool that pity can degrade;
 Thy every virtue branded as a crime,
 The state's salvation as a *waste of time*;
 Thy publick rapine, and thy private stealth—
 Thy shameless squandering of the Nation's wealth—
 Impeachments threaten—Faction storms aloud—
 Bursts on thy head th' agglomerated cloud:

Oh blest Obscurity! how sweet thy cot,
Screen'd from the horrors of the Statesman's lot!

Of happiness no baseless fabrick stands,
Rais'd in the clouds by visionary hands.
Though majesty and elegance combine
To pour their sun-beams on the fond design,
Rais'd but to fall—its momentary state
Sinks by the storms of Fortune and of Fate.

Methinks I hear thy voice indignant rise—
“Not to my case the Statesman's rule applies:”
Let then thy Protean form change her shape—
To robes of lawn transform thy weeds of crape;
And let each false adorning virtue shed
Its beams of glory on thy mitred head
—By virtues dignify'd, with learning stor'd,
Belov'd, rever'd, and only not ador'd;
Great as a Preacher, in the Senate skill'd,
Reflecting lustre on the rank he fill'd;

With

With wealth beyond his utmost wish supply'd,
 Few were his wants, for little was his pride :
 Hear holy SECKER of his lot relate,
 How ill the cares were recompens'd by State !
 Let his experience on the case decide—
 Hear him—and bid thy passions to subside *.

Few are the minds, whose steadiness can bear
 The dizzy heights of eminence and care ;
 Yet will the mutt'ring voice of pride complain,
 And Envy dart the glances of disdain ;
 And Spleen, enamour'd of her brood of woes,
 Reject the bliss that Providence bestows.—

CHANGE we the theme—lo! elegant and light,
 The realms of fashion burst upon our sight !

* Non sunt, experto credite, non sunt tanti, vel honores, vel reditus amplissimi ecclesiasticis destinati, ut a quopiam enixè cupiantur. Multum habent Solitudinis, non parum forsan Invidiæ—*vera delectationis nihil*, nisi quoties occurrit (occurrit autem rarò) insignis benefaciendi occasio.

“ Gay, lovely Fashion! hear thy vot’ry’s prayer ;

“ Borne from the shades of solitude and care:

“ In thy bright circles ever let him move,

“ The social round of Pleasure and of Love.”

Enjoy thy wish—in peerless glory rise

A Georgium Sidus to all modish eyes!

In wealth conspicuous, by refinements grac’d,

Shine the grand model of applauding taste.

Not like the sombrous Thing yclep’d a Beau,

A thking of lead, excepting in the toe,

That oscillates in seconds of *Ennui*,

And cannot laugh, nor cry, nor hear, nor see ;

Which, should it strive to think, will wonder why?

And is the essence of stupidity.—

No—with vivacious gaiety dispense

The charms of novelty to ev’ry sense ;

With wit that bids th’ unceasing laugh to rise,

And strikes new flashes ere each former dies ;

With pleasure-giving pow’rs that never tire,

With all that craving Luxury can desire ;

And,

And, with a zest fruition cannot cloy,
Thrid the whole maze of *fashionable* joy.

With all the envied happiness endow'd,
That bounds the prospects of a purblind croud,
What hast thou gain'd?—yon gilded Morn might tell,
That sports as wantonly, and lives as well.
Gay, flutt'ring INSECT! revel in thy pride,
Enjoy the short-liv'd sun-beams as they glide!
No thought is thine that sees extinction near,
No hope to foster, to appal no fear;
In more than art-conferring beauty shine,
And mock the blifs of Fools that mimick thine!

Howe'er disguis'd beneath a specious name,
FASHION, and VICE, for ever mean the same.
Base is the wretch who gambles for his mite;
But Fashion says, "for Thousands 'tis polite."
The hind who breaks the nuptial vow's a rogue;
But Fashion says, "*Arrangements* are the vogue."

Felons for murder on the gallows swing;
 But Fashion says, "a Duel is *the thing*."
 Safe from the halter, for small villains fit,
 * Fashion declares the Atheist is a *Wit*.—

Immortal Hopes! who bear the soul sublime
 Beyond the boundaries of existing time;
 Derided, spurn'd, and branded with disgrace,
 Cry not for vengeance on the worthless race!

But should no vices tinge thy cheek with shame,
 Nor place thee high in fashionable fame;
 Should all thy luxury, all thy social glee,
 Escape (rare instance!) from dishonour free;
 Yet, what avails it amid Fools to blaze,
 To rouse their envy, or extort their praise;

* —alea turpis,

Turpe et adulterium mediocribus; hæc tamen illi
 Omnia cum faciant, *bilares nitidique* vocantur.

Juv.

To

To waste thy prime in folly and in noise,
And barter Life for Pleasure that destroys?

The superficial glare, the poor parade
Of ostentatious merriment, display'd
The real wretchedness within to blind,
What solid comfort can they give the mind!
While, on the vortex of false pleasure toss'd,
Health, fortune, fame, and happiness are lost!

Averse from Satire, the digressive Muse
The moral subject of the song renews;
More pleas'd, with lenient notes, to chase the spell
That SPLEEN hath planted in the CURATE's cell.

SHUT from the world, mid penury and care,
Where hope is lost in positive despair,
Thy lot, furcharg'd with colours that disgust,
Passion delineates—when was Passion just?

Say,

Say, have the feverish visions of thy mind
 To Self thy wishes or thy hopes confin'd?
 Are thy benevolence, thy virtue dead,
 Or has guilt stamp'd dishonour on thy head?
 No—for the feelings of thy soul declare
 The social charities of life are there;
 And virtuous circles who regard thy name,
 Repel th' attacks of censure and of shame:
 Then why, with Cynick snarl, thy lot disdain,
 Whose Pleasure more than compensates the Pain?

Had Fate condemn'd thee to a trackless waste,
 Where dear Privation rules o'er wilds defac'd;
 Debar'd society, with wants beset;
 Where fight, where thought extimulate regret;
 Complaints of real woes, from Spleen exempt,
 Might screen thy tale from folly and contempt:
 But, lov'd and fought, 'tis idle to bewail
 The horrors of seclusion in the vale.

CURATE! thy lot compare—thy bliss to know,
 Repress thy tow'ring views—and look *below*.
 Mark, in the little district of thy care,
 The woes, the wants thy fellow-creatures share:
 Mark them—and, though disgusted Pride may start,
 Imprint the moral lesson on thy heart.

Is thine the toil, till strength and spirits fail,
 To wield the axe, the mattock, and the flail?
 And, when retiring to the mud-built shed,
 The family that cry in vain for bread?
 Or Penury—whose complicated grief
 Inflames disease, yet hopes not for relief?

When Winter bids the shrinking earth congeal,
 And the hard ground repels the blunted steel;
 And Horror, yelling through the troubled air,
 Bids Want to rage, and Industry despair:
 Is thine the roofless hut that shrinks aghast,
 “Conscious of ruin” in th’ impending blast?

E

Distracted,

Distracted, do thy fostering arms enfold
Children that starve, with hunger and with cold?

The wretched Hind, begirt with woes like these,
How would he revel in the CURATE's ease—

What though embosom'd in the yew-tree's shade,
Hard by the brook that hurries down the glade,
Thy modest dwelling, from the road apart,
Boast not the splendor of Vitruvian art;
Screen'd by the northern hill, secure and warm
It stands, beneath the fury of the storm.

What though magnificence, with gorgeous pride,
O'er the grand castle of "my Lord" preside;
The Baron's castle of stupendous mold,—
What does it more than screen him from the cold?

By curious luxury though his board be crown'd,
Though grandeur's golden blaze the feast surround,
In apathy the mighty Lord might pine,
Envyng the Plowman's appetite—or thine.

Short .

Short is the bliss, and little wealth avails,
 When the keen edge of sated Fancy fails:
 Declare, ye Rich! as wealth your wants supplies,
 What wants of Art on Nature's wants arise!
 What whims and freaks each dear-bought pleasure spoil,
 Of Pride the misery, and of Pomp the toil!

What though Frugality thy meal prepare,
 Clean is thy board, and wholesome is thy fare:
 Nature but little wants—and that supplied,
 Gives thee the Health to Luxury deny'd.

But mark that meagre object at thy door!
 Hear him the real woes of life deplore:
 Behold his body shelterless and bare,
 While Want and Famine in his aspect glare!
 Mark, as thy hand imparts the little dole,
 The speechless ebullitions of his soul!—
 And then (for Spleen the question will decline)
 Ask thy own HEART "if misery be thine?"

But

But dost thou mourn that supercilious pride
 Dares with an idiot grin thy state deride?
 That would-be wits, a despicable tribe,
 Raise the loud laugh, or blurt the brutal gibe,
 "Because thy ancient coat has lost its hue,
 "And waits renewal 'till the year be new."

Say, for that blockhead's wouldst thou change thy fate,
 And be that Blockhead for his large estate?
 No—then how idle Peace and Sense to quit,
 Because a booby thinks himself a wit?

"BUT still, debarr'd from eminence and fame,
 "Perish the Curate's virtues with his name:
 "Bereft of Hope, he lives but to endure
 "An age of penury and death obscure."
 Thus SPLEEN declaims—but TRUTH with keen disdain,
 Spurns the fictitious horror of the strain.

Say, where the realms whose solitary gloom
 Nor GENIUS—nor the "heavenly Muse" illumine?

Where

Where FAME's bright rays, empurpling all the sky,
 Beam not ecstasick on the Poet's eye?
 Or where does LEARNING, where RELIGION cease
 To bless the soul with wisdom and with peace?

Spurn'd be the wretch, Oblivion shroud his name
 Who brands Religion with the marks of shame!
 Whose mock-philosophy's pestiferous breath
 Would blast my hopes with everlasting death:
 And dares, that fellow-atheists may applaud,
 Traduce his Saviour, and blaspheme his God!

Though want, though injury palliate his guilt,
 The Law demands the murd'rer's blood be spilt;
 The thief that robs me, suffers, for his crime,
 Slavery and exile in a distant clime:
 But, dire disgrace! above the Law's controul
 Triumphant soars th' ASSASSIN OF THE SOUL.

SHUT from the world—O blest Seclusion hail!
 Thy hours nor vice nor infamy assail.—

F

Thy

Thy shades the peace-destroying passions fly,
And crush the wretch whom Folly lifts on high.

As Dodd
How happy he, let *****'s example say,
Who yields to pleasure and to pride the sway!
Pleasure—whose avarice of insatiate maw
Bursts every bond of Honesty, and Law!
Pride—that abhors, yet woos the hour of need,
And prompts the felon to the deadly deed!
Dodd
Unhappy *****! hadst thou thy views confin'd,
Nor suffer'd follies to o'erwhelm thy mind;
Endow'd with affluence, hadst thou learn'd Content,
Nor ever known what Fashion, Pleasure meant;
Still on the list of glory might'st thou blaze,
Unfullied object of regard and praise:
But Vanity and Vice have plung'd thy name
Deep in the dark abyss of endless shame.

Pause we a little moment—to review
The scenes portray'd, and still to candour true;

(Our

(Our honest zeal from slander to acquit)
 Prevent the mock'ries of illiberal wit;
 And conscious of the truths ourselves have try'd,
 Anticipate the sneer of thoughtless pride;

Base is the task, and worthless is the Muse
 That paints Humanity in fordid hues;—
 Not mine the frantick hand that loves to tear
 The roseate wreath that Youth delights to wear;
 Not mine the wish, ungen'rous as profane,
 One lot of life with fancy'd woes to stain;
 Nor mine the declamation that decries
 The real joys, which social life supplies;
 That cants the dull detail of human woe,
 Or bids one mind its happiness forego.

On every race of men, in every land,
 Heav'n sheds its blessings with a lib'ral hand;
 But lost in Sense, or plung'd in Vice's tide,
 What are our woes, but blessings misapply'd?

Oft has the truth been told, "Extremes destroy,"
 Fatal alike, in sorrow and in joy.
 Passions were given the life of man to bless—
 But what curse equals Passion in excess?
 Yet hence ten thousand woes derive their source.
 And blast each blessing with the lightning's force.

Let us, my friend, the wild delirium quit
 Of Passions, that elude us as they flit;
 Fantastick dreams, and fractious whims suppress,
 That banish comfort, and augment distress;
 And view, from Prejudice and Envy free,
 The blessings of Retirement—scorn'd by THEE.—

Retirement hail!—thy hospitable shade,
 By blundering Pride injuriously portray'd,
 Demands my verse—could Gratitude inspire
 The Sage's wisdom, or the Poet's fire,
 How would the Muse th' immortal theme prolong,
 And bless thy fond encomiast and the song!

Retire-

Retirement hail ! though ridicul'd by Pride,
 Sublime th' associates in thy bower abide.
 Sublime thy joys, however disavow'd
 By Instinct's herd, the profligate and proud.

Though round thy bower no pompous buildings stare,
 Nor Taste's capricious vanities be there;
 Within the sweet recess Truth loves to dwell;
 And meek Simplicity adorns the cell:
 Learning the volume of the world displays,
 Blaz'ning the wonders of the SIRE OF DAYS:
 Genius, with eye undazzled by the Sun,
 Traces each footstep where Old Time has run:
 Science the exhaustless universe explores,
 Dives to the bottom, to the summit soars:
 There Contemplation by sage Wisdom led,
 " Holds her high converse with the mighty Dead."
 While fair Content and Peace, congenial Powers,
 Crown with delight the consecrated hours.

Retirement hail! beneath thy fostering care
 The Muse first gives her callow wing to air;
 To thee the liberal Arts their lustre owe,
 Plants, that reward the soil wherein they grow.

From thee the PoET—whose illumin'd page
 Glows, like the Sun, above the wrecks of age:
 From thee the SAGE—whose meditative mind
 Prescribes the Laws that civilize mankind:
 From thee th' HISTORIAN—whose sagacious pen
 To man inculcates his first study, MEN:
 From thee the keen PHILOSOPHER—whose eye
 Darts through the glooms that shroud futurity:
 From thee, Retirement! ALL their glories claim;
 Thine the first triumphs in the fields of Fame.

BLEST is his lot, from Vice, from Folly free,
 Whose tranquil passions are arrang'd by Thee!
 To him, though Faction's discontented rout
 Pronounce destruction—while themselves are out,

Retire

Though

Though Counties, with endemick frenzy curs'd,
Contend and war which Cypher shall be first,
To him the clamour but one sorrow brings,
That men should madden for such idle things.—

When, darting radiance o'er the brightening sky,
The Sun renews his race: or while, on high
The dewy clouds involve the morning ray,
As loth to yield their station to the day,
How sweet the opening morn!—the genial hour,
RETIREMENT! calls thy votary from thy bower,
To meet fair Health upon the mountain's side:
There, while blue mists the lower vallies hide,
Health and her rose-lipt zephyrs meet, to pay
Their balmy fragrance to the new-born day.

When Evening hovers, in her noiseless car,
Upon the shadowy bosom of the air,
What time the Star, that bids the dews arise,
Drinks the last radiance of the western skies,
And

And Nature breathes refresh'd—quick let my feet,
 Retirement! hasten to thy lov'd retreat:
 There, while each passion calm'd, and wish refin'd,
 Expand the heart, and elevate the mind,
 Let Fancy bear me to th' immortal clime,
 Where POESY, above the moon sublime,
 With Inspiration dwells—Or, let me hold
 Converse with sages of the years of old;
 And gleaning ev'ry truth and moral art,
 Treasure the living harvest in my heart.

O Hours devote to LEARNING and to Thought,
 With manly pleasure, manly wisdom fraught,
 How bless'd your influence!—to the cheerless vale,
 Though social intercourse and riches fail,
 Ye give Content; your exquisite controul
 To Reason's dictates reconcile the soul.

Oh! ever on the unfrequented spot,
 Where the thick Hazel hides the CURATE's cot,

Ye

Ye Hours of Wisdom dwell!—beneath your care
 Nor Want nor Misery ever shall be there.—
 The gloomy horrors of Privation's cell,
 The bitter waters of Affliction's well;
 The croud of woes in Penury's cottage pent,
 The corrugated fowl of Discontent;
 Transmuted by your magick power, assume
 Of roseate Joy the sweetness and the bloom.—

Ye Hours of Wisdom to the shades repair,
 Where ***** yields his bosom to despair!
 Teach him that Happiness, by ALL pursu'd,
 Is compass'd only by the Wise and Good;
 That Indolence and Apathy increase
 The weight of Misery, and the wrecks of Peace;
 That to mankind, if Penury be a curse,
 A discontented Spirit is a worse;
 And that he only Happiness shall find,
 Whose Passions are to Providence resign'd.

11 7 49

T H E E N D.

Ye Hours of Wisdom dwell, — beneath your shadow
 Nor Want nor Misery ever shall be there —
 The gloomy borders of Privation's call,
 The bitter waters of Affliction's well;
 The crowd of woes in Penny's cottage press;
 The corrupted bowl of Discontent;
 Transmuted by your magic power, assume
 Of rapt joy the sweets and the bloom —
 Ye Hours of Wisdom to the shades repair,
 Where ***** yields his bottom to despair;
 Teach them that Happiness, by All pursued,
 Is compass'd only by the Wise and Good;
 That Indolence and Avarice incense
 The weight of Misery, and the wicks of Peace;
 That to mankind, if Penny be a cure,
 A discontented spirit is a worse;
 And that no only Happiness shall fall,
 Whole Passions are to Providence unjust.

THE END.